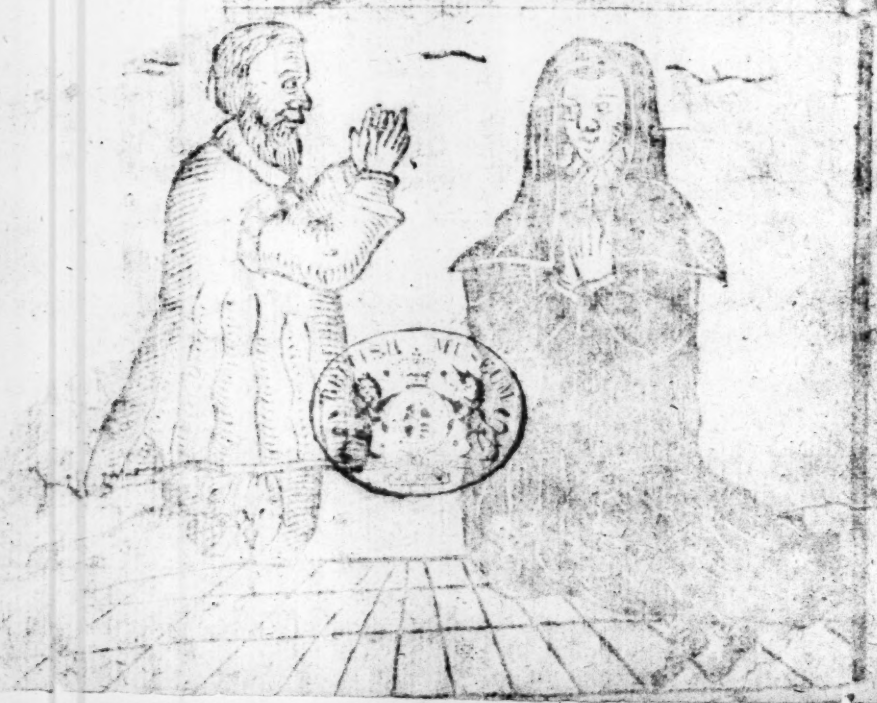
The Iust Lovvn

Ambition, Adultery, and Murder. { Where-vnto are added 7. notorious sinners. } *Weston. M. Turner and Frar*

With his Arraignement, Confession and E

VVho all suffered Death for the
der of Sir Tho: Ouerbury, *poysoned*
the Tower: of whom to these discourses
ioyned an Elegy, vpon the death of Sir
Thomas Ouerbury.



The iust Downfall of three notorious Sinners, viz. Weston, Mistris Turner, and Franklin, Who all suffered death for the Murder of Sir THOMAS OVERBVRY, who was poysoned in the Tower.

LOoking lately into the customes of this Age, and coniecturing the inward affections of men, I gather that the world is the house of confusion, and the inhabitants thereof set vpon mischiefe: for the seauen Capitall Sinnes are growne to such a custome, that our eyes want no allurements to bewitch, our eares no perswasions to seduce, nor our senses no subtlety to affect: Which seizing on the hearts of men, haue brought forth many pernicious children, to the hurt of Nature; some like Centaures, begotten of clouds, as *Ambition*; some like Serpents nourished in dunghils, as *Sensuality*; some like Vapors, raysed vp to bee consumed, as *Flattery*, and such like: generally all dangerous and full of trouble: therefore (is it in the sense of man) most fitting to haue the painting taken off from these foule faces, the couers pulled off from these cups of Poyson, and the couert of this bed of Serpents ripped vp, that wee may discerne what hath long time beene hidden cunningly.

The first that presents himselfe vpon our Stage, if we call *Ambition*, catching at nothing but Stars, aiming onely for Greatnesse: this is hee, that cunningly can inuent stratagems to his own ouerthrow, giuing Pens occasion to write Tragedies: if hee rise from obscurity, (as many haue done) hee laboureth to be skilfull in those things, which are most pleasing to the greater sort, and tollerable amongst Commons: His study is for prayse, and not for Vertue: His lookes like *Mausolus* Tombe, faire and comely without, but within nothing but rotten bones, and corrupt practises: his apparrell increaseth with his fortune, and as worldly affaires direct him, so suiteth he both fashions and affections: in his study he affecteth singularity, and is proud in beeing Author of a new Stratagem: if hee chance to come into the eye of the World, he then creepes into the fauour of some great Personage, in feeding whose humors (to relieue his wants) he makes intrusion into som heritage, and matcheth not according to his birth, but to the increase of his fortune; and by that meanes, by hooke or crooke, hee attaineth to some place in the Court. Then begins he with guifts to win hearts; by fained humility, to auoyd hatred; by offices of friendship, to bind his equals; by cunning insinuations to worke his Superiors; by which meanes he is held to be worthily a Statesman. Being growne to this step higher, the authority likes him not without the stile, wherein if any crosse him, looke for poyson in his cup, or conspiracy in his walkes: yea so

pestilent

peſtilent is his nature, that (like fire raked vp in embers) he neuer sheweth but to consume both himselfe and others: if he perceiue any that by ripe iudgement conceiteth his courses, with him he ioyneth, as if he sought his onely protection vnder the wing of his Glory, but the very truth is, he hath no other intent but this, to clip the wings of his renowne for feare he flye beyond him: if the nature of the Nobleman whom he enuieth be gentle, hee bringeth him in feare, either of his own seruants in his household, or his familiars that loue his honour, or else some mislike betwixt his Prince and him, sworne and confirmed by flatteries and intelligences, till the noble-man looseth either his land, authority, or place; and hee attaine both his stile and promotion: yet play he neuer so cunningly, such vncertaine honors beget daily dangers, & make him careles of his soules prosperity: for then there entreth into his mind a delightfull sin called curiosity, by which, to make him more able in other mischiefs, he giues entertainment to witches and charmers, and consorts himselfe with nouell-mongers, and strange inuenters of banquets, to set lust on fire, and that can deuise confections to besot youth with luxury, that for an ireful man can worke strange reuenges, for a fearefull, a strong tower to keepe him in: to be excellent at poysons, to kill lingringly, like the *Italian*. But again to our purpose: To the *Ambitious* man ther is cõmonly belonging a rusticke troupe of Flatterers, Bauds, Adulterers Soothers, and such like, that hatin[illegible] vertue makes sin seeme pleasing, which we [illegible] in the

flexible heart ſuch a ſweet deſire of forbidden pleaſures, that it euen ſurfets and growes ſicke with exceſſe; Luſt and Adultery I meane; which I deſcribe in this maner. It is the moſt inſolent of all things, it troubles the mind, and taketh away the Empire of liberty, it confounds Memory, kils Prouidence, and treads downe good Counſell. Offends not hee the Law that takes poſſeſſion of another mans free-hold, and makes a Common of his Neighbours Incloſure? Adulterers, I ſay, haue no Spirit to goodneſſe, nor will they bee by any Councell moued to godlineſſe: for their felicity is in the ſurfets of the fleſh, and the pleaſures thereof bring nothing but too deare repentance: the Adulterer ſpights him moſt that examines his proceedings; and plots his ouerthrow that doth but touch his infirmities. Oh! what an enemy is it to vertue, the onely wrack of wealth, and plaine high way to pouerty? The Adulterer is ſo blinded in heart, and ſo hardened withall, that he can hardly look vp toward Heauen to behold Gods iuſt Iudgements: yet ſo iuſt and ſure they are, that in all ages this vile ſin hath been ſeuerely puniſhed, as by the example of *Iudas*, iuſtice on *Thamar*, *Dauids* adultery with *Vrias* wife puniſhed in his ſon *Abſolon*, thouſands of men dyed in the fields of Moab for this fault, threeſcore thouſand of the children of Iſraell were put to the ſword for the rauiſhing onely of a Leuites Wife: of all ſins it is in nature the moſt odious, and brings with it the greateſt ſhame vnto

nd: it is a ſin that hath made the earth drunke

with

with blood, to the confusion of many Townes and Cities. Sodome and Gomorah were consumed with fire for Incest and Adultery: Troy a proud City made a plow-land for the same sin. It was the onely adulteries of the French, that caused a Massaker of foure-score thousand, by the ringing of one bell. Let not the Strumpets eye, saies one of the Sages of Greece, shine vpon the countenance of young men, least with the Basalisk it pearce vnto the death: for her malice is as lightening, and more raging then the shee Beare: vpon her attends malicious hatred, whose felicity is onely to reioyce at the harmes of others, giuing more affliction to them that are most troubled with affliction, where if any offend her, she admits no reconciliation, but liues as a partiall iudge in her own cause: if she heares the aduancement of vertue then growes she pensiue, and if she want credit amongst the mighty, then falls shee working with the meaner sort: she smiles not vpon any man but to betray him, nor giues him countenance but to vndoe him, nor contriues any Stratagems without Murder, nor dwels by any neighbour but to hurt him; and if she be but crossed in her will, she euer frets her selfe away in anger, and after in hate and malice becomes infamous: for her loue is a minute, but her spight euerlasting. Her hand beeing once dipt in mischiefe, she neuer walkes abroad but in suspition, fearing to be accused by vertue, and still liues in dread of her good Fortune: yet by nature is she such, that shee hath courage enough to aduenture on any sinne. An

ambitious

ambitious woman ſhewes her ſelfe to be a troubleſome diſturber of the world, powerfull to make ſmall things great, and great, monſtrous: Enuy by nature is greeued at the Proſperity of others: hee enuieth the Great in that he cannot Equall them, he enuieth the weake, dreading they ſhould compare themſelues with him: he enuieth his Equalls becauſe they ſhould not become his Companions: in Kingdomes, Common-Wealths, Princes Courts and Ambitious mens Houſes, he is ſtill working: no Man hunteth after Honor but he affronts him, onely the miſerable man hee enuies not, becauſe (being kept in Priſon) hee feares not his riſings, yet hath hee a ſcorne ouer him. *Machiuell* knowing the venome of this vice, gaue his ſonne this laſt and not leaſt inſtruction: that he ſhould not be enuious, but to doe (ſaith hee) ſuch deeds that others may enuy thee: for to be enuied is the token of good deſert, but to be enuious the ſigne of a fooliſh nature, which verifies the ſaying of *Marcus Tullius* the Orator, that the moſt floriſhing fortune is moſt enuied at. But now to be more familiar in my diſcourſe: wher Ambition, Adultery, Pride, Enuy, Malice, and ſuch like Capitall Sins haue ſet in foote, there cannot chuſe but follow Murder and confuſion, and where the foundation is layd with bloud, there can be a building but of ſmall continuance, but where Honors haue a true beginning, a ground of vertue ſpringing vp by noble deſerts, continued by Wiſedome and maintayned with Care, there cannot chooſe but follow a fruitfull

haruo

haruett, and a plentifull Winter: contrariwiſe to obtaine ſodaine Honors begets Pride and Vaineglory: Pride and Vainglory are the cheriſhers of Enuy and Mallice: Enuy and Mallice the Nurſes of Bloudſhed & Murder, in which whoſoeuer dippeth but the tip of his finger, giues to his Soule a ſcarlet ſtaine, which neuer can be cleare vntill the diſſolution of the body, and then well are they that can waſh it away with the true teares of repentance.

Brittle is that greatneſſe that fadeth in a moment, and vaine the ioy that is vnwiſely loſt. He that hath a ſodaine riſe and can wiſely ſtand, is a moſt happy worldling, but he that forgets himſelfe on the Pinacle of proſperity, is beſotted with arrogancy: therefore let him that hunts for honors in Princes Courts, wander in an euen paſſage, for dangerous are the proceedings and buſines of a Stateſman. Take this for an example: ſuppoſe that a young man from the loweſt ebbe of worldly chance haue the aduancement of Greatneſſe laid vpon his ſhoulders, will it not for a time ſeeme a heauy burthen, and a great trouble to his new transformed fortunes? Will not the pride of his heart ſwell to a full Sea; euen ready to burſt ouer the bankes of his Honour-giuer? Then rightly may the Picture of ingratitude be imprinted in his fore-front, playing the Viper to his high forunes firſt beginner.

Being thus intituled with State-Offices, hath hee not many ſoothers in ſin, perſonages of baſe condition attending him, hemming him round with perſwaſions of ſelfe conceit, which for a nee d will venture

their liues to gaine him the commands of his will: what becomes of ſuch follies but a ſorrowfull repentance, and no recouery? All you that haue your harts pierced with ſad conſiderations, take this for a remembrance of greeſe, that is, that when a Woman of noble Parentage, placed on the mountaine of ſmiling chance, hauing the dignity of Greatneſſe ſhining on her fore-head, ſhould humble her ſelfe to baſe conditions, giuing her whole mind to malicious hatred, ſecret conſents of iniquity, ſelfewill and wicked proceedings, neuer pacified till the end of damned performances. Oh! was not this woman created for a deep ſorrow to her Alliance, a great greeſe vnto her Country, and a foule ſtaine vnto her owne reputation? Is it not alſo a lamentable example for a Gentleman of good birth and calling, placed in dignity in high office and charge for his Country, to giue way by conſent to a bloudy ſtratagem, and for feare of the diſpleaſures of Groatnes intangle himſelfe in the ſnares of reproch? Will not this alſo be a continuall remembrance to his poſterity, and a barre of diſgrace branding the coat-Armes of his houſe, to haue the common courſe of Iuſtice paſſe vpon him in the eye of the multitude? Is it not alſo great pitty that for want of grace ſome of a ſeruile (yet an obſeruing condition) ſhould from the golden meane of low eſtate wait at the elbow of Greatnes, and bring fuel to their fire of iniquity, wherein at the length they themſelues are likewiſe conſumed? Oh! wherefore ſhould ſimplicity thus blind vp their eyes

of

of vnderſtanding, to be thus the inſtruments of ſuch dangerous drifts, that ayme at nothing but grudge and mallice? If with *Solons* ſaying they had ſealed vp their hearts, *Remember the end*, this had neuer been: then how are they led away with amiſſe, that hauing the guifts of art and experience, the ſecrets of the ſimples of Phyſick, ordained by God for mans good vſe, ſhould by the Diuell & them be conuerted thus to malignant purpoſes? if the feare of God had ſhined in their hearts, it would haue beene a light to haue led them from all thoſe darke practiſes, which haue now ſpotted the foreheads of their reputations with the markes of blacke infamy. Shame cannot chooſe but be the reward of ſuch enterpriſers, that for the fauor of Greatnes will dip their hands in the blood of Innocents, and euen as it were worke againſt nature: Oh more then ſauage minded Creatures! in the very deepneſſe of your blacke and bloody imaginations (imboldened by whomſoeuer) this might haue beene your *Memento*, in which I conclude, that ſtrange and wonderfull are Gods iudgements, that in theſe fore-paſſed ſtratagems haue ſhined in great glory: ſay you then that bloud innocently ſhed is layd vp in Heauens Treaſury, not one drop of it can be loſt, but lent out to Vſury: water poured forth, ſincks downe quietly into the earth, but bloud ſpilt on the ground, ſprinkles vp to the Firmament. Murder is wide-mouthed, and will not let God reſt till he grant reuenge, not onely the bloud of the ſlaughtered, but the ſoule of the innocent aſcending

to his throne, crying out and exclaiming for Iuſtice, which (the Lord be praiſed) hath beene, and will be carefully followed by the learned and worthy Magiſtrates of this Kingdome, whom the Lord God proſper and protect in all their proceedings, to which let all true hearts ſay *Amen.*

Miſtris Turners Teares, for the Murder of Sir Thomas Ouerbury, *who was poyſoned in the Tower of London.*

IF euer teares fell from a Wretches eies,
I am that Creature: waues on waues doe riſe
So faſt, and ſwell ſo high, they drowne my ſoule
In her owne crimes, as numberleſſe as foule.
Oh had my cradle bin my ſodaine Graue,
In peace my Soule had ſlept, which is a ſlaue
Now both to ſinne and ſhame: I had not then
Been of God hated, and ſo ſcorn'd of Men.
Vnhappy was the Wombe that lent me breath,
Would it had bin the *Charnell-houſe* of Death,
Had I bin ſtifled there, thē had my flight (white.
To heauen bin like a Doues, with winges more
O would to God the Day when I was borne,
Had from the Calender of time beene torne,
Where now it ſtands accurſed, and does beare
The marke of a moſt fatall Character.

Many

Many a Widdow reading there my name,
Will curſe it,& the leafe that holds the ſame:
Children as yet vnborne, comming to ſpell,
Will take it for a Furies name in Hell;
And caſting by the Booke no more will read,
But onely learne to heape vppon my head
VViſhes of miſcheefe though in Graue I lye,
For to confound mee euerlaſtingly.
But leauing this, let my ſad Story tell.
Both from what height I fall,& how I fell: (ſtate
That though time preſent does not mone my
Yet times to come may pitty my hard fate.
My birth was faire, my bringing vp was good,
My dayes were golden in my widdow-hood,
And might haue been ſo ſtill, but climbers hye
Beyond their reach muſt downe, and ſo doe I.
Plenty and I at board together ſate,
I fed with *Diues*, dranke in richeſt plate:
VVore ritch attires, taſted all worldly pleaſure,
But nere had care to hoord vp heau'nly treaſure.
VVith *Eue* I might haue liu'd in Paradiſe,
But that a Serpent did my Soule intice
To touch forbidden fruit, which reliſh'd well
In chewing, but being downe it ſmelt of Hell.
Twas not one onely Apple to deuoure,
For which I long'd; my hunger gap'd at more,
At a whole tree I look'd: it was a Tree, (ſee.
Me thought the goodlieſt mortall eyes could
This Tree I climb'd, and as I pluckt it grew
Still freſh and freſh, the boughs were euer new;

The branches euer greene, buſhy and faire,
It ſeem'd the Darling both of ſunne and ayre.
But when my Soule lookt vp with open eyes,
I ſaw the top-bough brauing euen the ſkies,
VVhen the root ſtuck in Hell, where looking in
I knew it then to be the tree of ſinne.
And though my Conſcience told me I ſhould
If that I leand to: nothing could appall (fall,
My ſetled reſolution, I would on,
Though ſtill before me ſtood damnation.
From this I pluckt the guilded fruit of pride,
Like Queen-apples they ſhew'd, for euery ſide
VVas ruddy and alluring, but (what truſt (duſt.
Is in vaine earth?) being toucht they turne to
Frō this I ſuckt Enchantmēts which drunk well,
And luſcious ſweet, yet prou'd the milke of hell:
Hence did I gather poyſonous drugges to kill
Such as withſtood my friends, or croſt my wil.
Luſt often lay within my widdowed ſheetes,
And taught me how to taſt forbidden ſweetes,
And that toward hell I might go one ſtep furder
The laſt and worſt I went into was murder.
O crying ſinne! which ſmothered nere ſo deep,
In caues, which ſilent night her ſelfe does keep,
Bound vp in darknes, like the ſteeme of Hell
which none can peirce; yet the black deed to tell
Euen graues of dead men (rotten long agoe,)
VVill open wide: Vengeance walks often ſlow
To our weak ſight, but when to Strike it ſtands,
On Heau'ns high Tower, it hath a 1000. hands.

Th'Almightie Arrowes fly both ſure & ſtrong,
And where they hit great Oakes fall all along.
No hidden mark but ſtands within his eie, (flie.
And that he cleaues, when forth his wrath does
Witneſſe my ſelfe and others, who defying
The buſieſt ſearching Sun-beam from deſcrying
Where Villany lay lurking, wrapd in clouds,
ſo ſafe we thought as dead men in their ſhrouds
When to Mans Senſe twas as impoſſible
Mountaines to moue, as find a tongue durſt tel
Our buried plots; See! they are rent and torne
By Gods leaſt finger; and we left in Scorne.
Our maskes pluckd off, our faces now appeare
Such as they are indeed, not as they were, (writ
Plain on our browes are our cloſe miſchiefes
Who moſt did hide, now moſt diſcouer it. (now
The Wolues are caught in ſnares; the ſhepherd
Knows that a Lamb was ſlain, by whom & how,
The blood of whom by cruell friend ſo ſpilt,
Flowes like a Sea, yet waſhes off no guilt.
If any aske mee, why I was ſo led,
And why ſo neere to hell I ventured,
I was bewitch'd, for what I did behold,
Was a moſt bitter *Pil*, but wrap'd in gold.
That liquoriſh baite intic'd me take it downe,
As wholeſom Phyſick, but (with ſhãe) tis known
No poiſon can ſo ſoone deſtroy the *Soule*,
The out-ſide glorious, but the inſide foule.
O Gold! thou glittering diuel that confoundeſt
The Richeſt, Faireſt, Strongeſt, wiſeſt, Soundeſt,

Would

Would God, as He to Indians is vnknown,
That ſo their Droſſy God were theirs Alone.
Soules would not tumble then ſo faſt to Hell,
Nor of my Fall ſhould I this Story tell,
Terror to Soule and Body, had not Heauen,
To ſinnes more high and horrid, pardon giuen.
Pardon of thee (ſweet *Ieſus*) then I craue,
What thou haſt Bought and Payd for deerely
Men, let me beg forgiuenes from you too (Saue.
Becauſe I did more then my Sex ſhould doe.
And you of Modeſt dames that beare the note,
And my blacke Name quite from your tables
As I am loſt, ſo let my fault I craue, (blot,
And write Obliuion on my wretched Graue.
You Fathers whome of Children I bereaue,
You Children whom of Parents I deceaue,
You Wiues whom Husbandles my Guilt does
Forgiue me All: of All this Leaue I take. (make,
Heauen frownes to looke vpon me and my Sin,
Earth trembles that by her I fed haue bin.
My very breath poyſons the Aire about me,
Hell onely is within me, and without me.
Yet in deſpite of Hell, from Heauen comes
Mercy, I ſee, holding a glorious Crown (down
Of immortality ouer my faint head,
Ieſus in that and thee I'me Comforted. (grim,
Strengthen my weake heart, Death is fearefull
One finger of thy Hand can vanquiſh him:
Giue to my fleeting Soule a proſperous gaile;
That I to Bleſt Ieruſalem may Saile.

FINIS.

Master VVestons *Teares, for* the Murder of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury* who was poysoned in the Tower of London.

GOD of my Soule and Body, haue mercy vpon mee: the one I haue cast away by my folly, & the other is likely to perish in thy Fury, vnlesse in thy great mercy thou Saue it. My Sinnes are deepe Seas to drowne mee: I am swallowed vp in the bottomles Gulph of my owne transgressions. With *Caine* I haue beene a Murderer, and with *Iudas* a Betrayer of the Innocent. My body is a Slaue to Sathan, and my wretched Soule is deuoured vp by Hell. Black haue bin my thoughts, and blacker are my deeds. I haue beene the Diuells instrument, and am now become the Scorne of Men, a Serpent vpon earth, and an Out-cast from Heauen. What therefore can become of me (miserable Caytiffe?) if I looke vp to my Redeemer, to him I am an Arch Traitor, if vpon Earth, it is drowned with Blood of my shedding, if into Hell, there I see my Conscience, burning in the Brimstone lake. God of my Soule and Body haue mercy therefore vpon mee, Saue me, O saue me, or else I perish for euer, I die for euer in the world to come, vnlesse (sweet Lord) thou catchest my repentant Soule in thine Armes; O saue mee, saue me, saue me.

C

FINIS.

James Franklin A Kentishman of *Maidstone, his owne Arraignment, Confession, Condemnation*, and Iudgement of Himselfe,

whilst hee lay Prisoner in the Kings Bench for the Poysoning of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

I Am Arraign'd at the black dreadfull Barre.
Where Sinnes (so red as Scarlet) Iudges are;
All my Inditements are my horrid Crimes,
Whose Story will affright succeeding Times,
As (now) they driue the present into wonder,
Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder.
If any askes what Euidence comes in,
O 'tis my Conscience, which hath euer bin
A thousand witnesses: and now it tells
A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells.
The Iury are my Thoughts (vpright in this,)
They sentence me to death for doing amisse:
Examinations more there need not then,
Than what's confest heere both to God and Men.
The Crier of the Court is my black Shame,
Which when it cals my Iury, doth proclaime
Vrnes (as they are summon'd) they appeare,
To giue true Verdict of the Prisoner,
They shall haue heauy Fines vppon them set,
Such, as may make them dye deep in Heauens debt.
About mee round sit Innocence and Truth,
As Clerkes to this high Court; and little Ruth

Becauſe my facts are barbarous, damn'd, and baſe:
The Sericants that about mee (thick) are plac't,
To guard me to my death. (when I am caſt)
Are the black ſtings my ſpeckled ſoule now feeles,
Wich like to Furies dog me cloſe at heeles.
The Hangman, that attends me is Deſpaire,
And gnawing wormes my fellow-Priſoners are.

His firſt Inditement for Murder.

THe firſt who (at this Seſſions) loud doth call me,
Is Murder, whoſe grim viſage doth appall me,
His eyes are fires, his voyce rough windes out-rores,
And on my head the Diuine Vengeance ſcores:
So faſt and fearfully I ſinke to grownd,
And with I were in twenty Oceans drownd.
He ſayes I haue a bloudy villaine bin,
And (to proue this) ripe Euidence ſteps in,
Brow'd like my ſelfe: Iuſtice ſo brings about,
That black ſinnes ſtill hunt one another out:
'Tis like a rotten frame ready to fall,
For one maine Poſt being ſhaken, puls downe all.
To this Indictment, (holding vp my hand,)
Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I ſtand,
And being ask'd what to the bill I ſay,
Guilty I cry. O dreadfull Seſſions-day!

His ſecond Indictment for poyſoning.

ANother, forthwith bids me come to'th Barre,
(Poyſon) that Hel-borne cunning Sorceror,
Thatwindes himſelfe into a thouſand formes,
And when the day is brighteſt flings downe ſtormes.
This hath an Angels face, a Mermaids tongue,
And nature ſom[illegible]

This is the Coward Sinne, which (like a Pill,)
When 'tis moſt guilded, is moſt ſure to kill.
Whether this Hel-hownd ſtrike at Morne or Night,
So trecherous, cloſe, and ſpeedy is his fight,
That Armors all-of-proofe, nor Towers of Stone,
Can barre his bloody Execution.
This Snake with the ſmooth skin hiſſ'd out my name
Mongſt others more, and venom'd me with ſhame
That rancles to the ſoule. It ſayes that I
(For a poore golden handfull) did defie
Heauen and Saluation, when I gaue conſent
To teare the bowels of an Innocent
With lingring poyſons of themſelues too ſtrong,
But that their working God put off ſo long;
That darker deeds (by this) the light may try,
Which now perhaps in worſer boſomes lye.
To this Inditement holding vp my hand,
(Fettered with Terrors more then Irons I ſtand)
And being askd what to the Bill I ſay,
Guilty I cry. O dreadfull Seſſions-Day!

His third for raiſing of Spirits &c.

IN ruſhes then a heape of Accuſations,
For all thoſe Godleſſe damn'd Abhominations,
Raiſ'd by the black Art, and a Coniurers ſpelles:
As to call Spirits euen from the deepeſt Hells,
To fetch back theeues that with ſtoln goods are gone,
And calculate natiuities: ſuch a one
Credulity of fooles and women made me,
And to that glorious infamy betraide me.
A Cunning man, a Wiſe man were my ſtile,

Art knew I none, nor did I euer reach
A bough of learnings tree; what I did teach
To others, or did practise, it was all
Cheating, falſe, apiſh, diabollicall.
To this being likewiſe ask'd, what I can ſay,
I guilty cry. O dreadfull Seſſions day!
This Diuells coate to my body made I fit,
Braue was the outſide, thrid-bare was the wit.

His Iudgment.

FOr theſe thick Stygian ſtreams in which th'aſt ſwō
Thy guilt hath on the laid this bitter doome;
Thy loath'd life on a tree of ſhame muſt take
A leaue compeld by Law, er'e old age make
Her ſigned paſſ-po t ready. Thy offence,
No longer can for daies onearth diſpenſe.
Time blot thy name out of this bloody roule,
And ſo the Lord haue mercy on thy ſoule.

His ſpeech what he could ſay for himſelfe.

OWreched Caitiffe! what perſwaſiue breath
Can call back this iuſt ſentenceof quick death?
I beg no boone, but mercy at Gods hands,
(The King of Kinges, the Soueraigne that commands
Both ſoule and body) O let him forgiue
My treaſon to his Throne, and whilſt I liue,
Iebbits and Racks ſhall torture limbe by limbe,
Through worlds of Deaths Ile breake to fly to him.
My birth day gaue not to my mothers wombe,
More eaſe, then this ſhall ioyes, when e're it come.
My body mould to earth, ſinnes ſinke to Hell,
My penitent ſoule win Heauen, vaine world farewell.

A Funerall Elegie, vppon the vntimely Death of the honorable Knight Sir Thmas Ouerburie, who was poysoned in the Tower.

WHy in this world to liue should men desire,
Since death so many waies our liues expire?
What happines hath man vpon the earth,
But mountaine misery for Mole-hill mirth?
A moments ioy, mixt with an age of woes,
Each drop of comfort flouds of cares o'reflowes.
For 'tis decreed by ineuitable Fate,
The greatest men are not most fortunate.
The head that weares a Crowne, weares many cares,
The which (before old age) makes hoary haires.
And humaine honors like a fading flower,
Which florisheth, and fadeth in an hower.
The meane estate doth onely longest last,
Not being subiect to each wandring blast
Of tickliish Fortunes euer-turning wheele,
Whose fickle turnings, oft makes Greatnes reele.
If all the windes, East, West, and North and South,
Should raging burst from bluttring Eol's mouth,
The lowly shrub stands euer rooted fast,
When lofty Pines and Cedars downe are cast.
And though the mighty oft the weake oppresst,
Of all estates, the meane sleepes most in rest.
Thou worthy OVERBVRY, to thy Hearse
I consecrate this sad lamenting Verse.

An Elegie.

Hadst thou beene some vnlearned rusticke hinde,
Hadst thou beene basely borne, and base inclind:
Hadst thou had nothing in thee that was good
So soone foule murther had not suck't thy blood.
But being in all parts a man compleate,
Great in regard, in goodnes farre more greate,
Who like a Starre in Brittaines Court did shine
Learn'd in the Lawes, both Humaine and Diuine,
A Scholler, full of Gentleman-like parts,
Whose noble carriage won a world of hearts.
That Arts like painefull Bees did daily striue,
To fill with sacred loue his learned hiue.
Which thou (as did befit thy worthy worth)
With admiration often wouldst powre forth:
So courteous, valiant, sober, and so wise,
And one that (fawning) could not temporise,
So well proportion'd, of such comely feature,
So fully fraught with a true honest nature,
So hopefull, and so louing, and belou'd,
Whose life and actions euery tongue approu'd,
That expectation mark'd him out to be
A man of absolute Integrity,
Of Zeale, Capacity, and Eminence,
To serue his God, his Country, and his Prince.
But Sathan that old enemie of man,
As he with *Abels* murther first began,
He still hath spew'd from out his damned den,
Inhumaine thoughts in bloody *Caine*-like men.
And as the blood of that first slaughtered Saint,
For vengeance to *Iehouah* made complaint:
So did the blood of OVERBVRY cry
For Iustice to the Throne of Maiesty.
Oh Physick, great preseruer of mans breath,
Heau'ns *Habeas Corpus* against dismall death.

Most

An Elegie.

Most nonorable treasury of health,
Renowned Piller of each Common-wealth:
Lifes louing Champion, how art thou abus'd,
When poyson's with thy Antidots infus'd?
But this vnusuall damnable abuse,
No bleamish is to lawfull Physicks vse,
No more then *Phœbus* glorious beames are soyld,
With shining on a stinking dung-hill moyld.
Thus to thy praise, whose praise do h passe my skill,
(My poore vnlearned, most obsequious quill)
Doe offer these poore slender lines of mine,
Vnworthy for that worthy worth of thine.
Which though thy soule be in eternall rest,
Thy friends may thanke me, for I did my best.

FINIS.

I. T.

READers, you that are desirous to see the reward of the Adulterer and the Adulteresse, paid by Gods owne hand: there is a little Table called the Spectacles, where you may see it more at large.